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NOLA 2011



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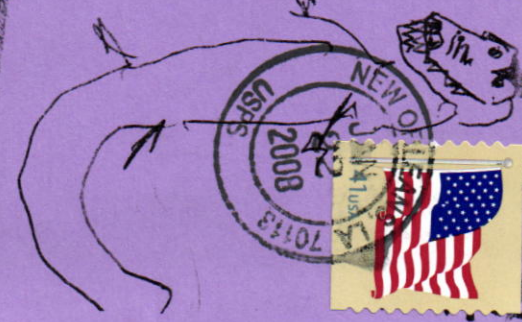
1119 Massachusetts

Lawrence, KS

66644

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recipes by ht and her mother, Elsie.

cashew gravy:

2 cups veggies chopped in cuisinart (onions, garlic, carrots, celery, zucchini, etc.)

butter

-put in a saucepan and cook till the veggies are soft.

whole wheat flour

italian seasoning

black pepper

-add spices. Add flour till it coats the veggies and cook for 5-10 minutes, stirring.

1 cup cashews

-chop cashews in a cuisinart with enough water or stock (about a cup) so that they make a sort of a rough soupy paste

salt

balsamic vinegar
-add cashews and stir, adding more water or stock depending on how liquidy you want the gravy. Add salt to taste. Add the slightest dash of delicious vinegar at the very end. Pour over mashed potatoes, stuffing, fried panir.

fresh panir:

1 gallon non-homogenized milk
3/4 cup of lemon juice

-cook milk in a large saucepan until it is just beginning to think about boiling (bubbles should be beginning to form under the skin). Then add the lemon juice. Stir as the curds form. If they form slowly, and you want hard panir, then you may want to add a bit more lemon. The longer you cook the whey and curd mixture, the harder the panir, if you have added enough lemon. When the curds reach the consistency you want, pour the mixture through a thin dishcloth. If you are going to use the whey for anything, put a pot underneath to catch it (whey is good for making bread, mashed potatoes, soup, stuffing, etc). The curds will collect in the dishcloth, the ends of which you should tie together so you can hang the wet bundle from something (a hanger hooked into the handle of a medicine cabinet maybe) so that the remaining whey can drain from the curds into a sink or pot. Hang the bundle for a few hours or overnight. When you take it down and peel the dishcloth from the now firm ball of curds, your panir is done. Panir can be used for a lot of different dishes, as it is essentially just a fresh cheese, but my favorite thing to do with it is to slice it into slabs and then fry it in butter till the sides are blackened. In my family we eat this instead of turkey for thanksgiving and christmas. Yum.

salad dressing: olive oil, balsamic vinegar, pepper, salt
oregano (or thyme or combinations of various herbs), dijon mustard
-mix together to taste, let sit for at least an hour.
salad dressing II: olive oil, vinegar, lime juice, pesto, salt, mayo or sour cream
-mix together. You don't even have to let this one sit.
Pour on leaf lettuce, avocados, tomatoes (in summer), carrots, red pepper, all in a big bowl.

→
→
→
→

the truth by ht: If you really want the air-line to give your bags back to you, you must never let the operator off the phone, no being laid back and credulous. You must me." Eventually, it will become clear, that

that she says. You must give up on surely you can do something for


These days, my colleagues and I, we all agree that Phil Collins is just great. When "In the Air Tonight" comes on on the classic rock station, it gets turned way up and Paul, Robin and I can all be heard throughout the restaurant singing at the top of our lungs, "I've been waiting for this moment for all my life, OH LORD! OH LORD!" Is this what the thirties are like? Apparently so.

There is an urban myth that this song is about a lifeguard who allowed a childhood friend of Phil's to drown while swimming, but the actual truth is that Phil Collins wrote this song about his first wife as he was going through his first divorce. In fact, many of the bitter and sad songs on "Face Value", (his first album, produced in 1981) were inspired by his abject misery during this breakup. And these songs, they are *so* harshing. "Well, if you told me you were drowning I would not lend a hand, I've seen your face before my friend, But I don't know if you know who I am, Well, I was there and I saw what you did, I saw it with my own two eyes, So you can wipe off the grin, I know where you've been, It's all been a pack of lies" Man! Poor Phil Collins!

If you listen to "This American Life" you know that Phil Collins recently went through another terrible divorce. This is, as a matter of fact, his third divorce. On "This American Life," he was all super bummed-sounding about the whole thing. "I've just been through a marriage break up and, I mean, you talk about New Year's Eve, my divorce was final on my birthday. And I didn't want it at all." His voice is so plaintive and straightforward! Poor Phil Collins again!

But man, turns out he broke up with his second wife by dumping her by fax and then almost immediately marrying this third one. And, despite all this sweet talk about the third one on "This American Life," he started dating again 3 months after the split. Also, his third wife was supposedly "devastated" by their break up.

Well, you know, love isn't easy. In order to do the research for this article, I listened to all these sad Phil Collins songs over and over. In most of my serious relationships, we have always vaguely entertained the idea of breaking up, at least enough that oh, say it was raining and I was home alone and PMS-ing, I could listen to music like this and dig up enough dirt to get all weepy, weepy enough to imagine that everything would be over any day now. It's not so much like that nowadays. Instead, I sit here, sucking on this Swedish fish, and listen, over and over and over, to the Live Aid performance of 'Against the Odds' where Phil Collins fucks up that one note on the piano. It's still sad, this music, even with the confusing back story and the lack of personal relevance. And I kind of miss it, that feeling of heartbreak, the sincerity of it, and the absolute certainty of how awful everything feels. I miss the familiarity of this exact kind of sadness. Breakup seems like a nice place to visit, even though I wouldn't want to live there.

To tie up some loose ends:  everywhere as I address the nose knows I say to myself, "self, don't you think everyone would be as interested as I am in two of our subscribers?" my self answers, "probably not but since you are obsessed with them, better get it out of the way." so here goes.

there is a street in Brooklyn called Washington. one of our oldest subscribers lives on it: about six months ago a friend of ours bought a subscription for a friend of his. it took me a while to notice but turns out he lives on the same block as this old subscriber. right next to each other!

and! and this is the really trippy part! these two have the same initials!

So for about 5 minutes a week I think about how the postman might one day mix up their nose knowses and they will go to the other ones' houses and maybe go out for coffee and fall madly in love! ors

A list of baby boy names i think are good.*

Jaquē - spell it however you want,
Marcelo - beautiful.

Tristan - like Christian, but without the religiousness.

religious.
Samwise - only name from Lord of the Rings
Keith - you could get away with.
- my favorite name of all time (mean richards)

Rory - just sounds good. middle name: STORM!
Rory - just would be so great to put on a

Duddy - birth certificate.
Ringo - only total assholes don't like Ringo.

Edmund - don't feed him turkish delight!
any name - g.t., g.k., h.t., b.j., e.r., e.t.,
using initials etc. so sexy.

Charlie-call him jif!

Robin - i haven't met a boy named robin in
ages and it's such a dignified name for
a gentleman.
Asia -
use lots of middle names.

Happy - doesn't have to be short for anything.

* i'm not being bossy or nuthin,
i'm just sharing my preferences...

NOTES*NOTES*NOTES*NOTES*NOTES*NOTES*NOTES*NOTES

4-elf Charlie names her baby "Jacques" and has another child, her second baby can sing "Frere Jacques" and mean it!

2. DON'T FORGET: The Deadline for the readers' issue is **JAN 31ST**. Writers' Block? Questions? email us @ nasalknowledge@gmail.com or call 504-813-6163.

3. I think that "animal planet" Happys is talking about must be EARTH - right? Also, can't you tell by their distance from the sun?

4. YOU HAVE 9 WEEKS LEFT TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION, Regretably, we have been forced to raise our rates. \$30.00 for weekly delivery, ~~110.00~~ \$10.00 for monthly. If you promised all last year that you were going to send us \$16 didn't, send double now. checks can be made to Robin Stricklin, or paypal Lgasth@gmail.com.

THE NOSE KNOWS



2401 BURGUNDY #75
NOLA 70117

Problems and Solutions in Crime Solving, as demonstrated by the theory of narrative structure | AW

From what I have gathered from Agatha Christie mysteries, Sherlock Holmes, and television shows such as 'Law and Order' and 'Columbo', crime solving proceeds in the following fashion:

Someone is found dead. (Murder!) Columbo, or Poirot or whomever goes to the scene of the crime. He/she collects clues and interviews witnesses. By delving into the relationships of the deceased, the guilty party is eventually revealed. For example, it turns out the sister of the victim was in love with the victim's husband and decided the fastest way to a ring was by chopping off her sister's head. Or an ambitious grad student was being kept under the thumb of a power hungry professor (this is always the plot on 'Law and Order' - one of their writers *really* hates academia) and in a desperate bid for intellectual freedom, drowned his advisor into the university swimming pool.

In real life, in New Orleans right now, no one is thinking that it is probably so-and-so's jealous sister. Mostly we are thinking it is a crackhead who killed our friend, or a desperate and underprivileged youth somehow disenfranchised to the point of murderous insanity. I mean, lots of us feel disenfranchised to the point of murderous insanity these days, so it doesn't seem like such a huge leap. No one here that I have spoken to imagines any real connection between murderer and victim beyond wrong place, wrong time. So wtf is Ms. Marple going to do in these cases? Tell the story of how in the village of St. Mary Mead old Ms. Watson was watering her flowers and a stranger walked by, and he kind of wanted some money, so he punched her in the face, and then when she didn't have any money he kicked her a couple times? And that's *just like* what happened here in the Big City, except on a smaller scale, fancy that! Except - oh wait, no one ever figured out who that random stranger was in St. Mary Mead neither.

Now, the stories that include random violence against faceless strangers are generally told from the perspective of the perpetrator. Watch any gangster movie ('Heat', or 'Goodfellas' for example), or gangsta movie ('Boyz in the Hood', 'New Jack City') and inevitably, there's that bank teller or convenience store owner who gets in the way of our hero's climb through the underworld. What can you do? Another one bites the dust. If old Sherlock went and interviewed the bank teller's family, no one would fess up to secretly boning the murderer, or taking out an insurance policy on him and then paying Ice Cube to rob the bank. Maybe Columbo could figure it out, if he only had to pick between Ice Cube or Ray Liotta, but what do you do in a city full of Ice Cubes and Liottas? No ways 'Law and Order' style detective work is going to figure that shit out.

So how could you figure that shit out? Well, let's say you knew all the Ray Liottas and Ice Cubes. You might be able to keep track of roughly what they were doing. Let's imagine a community in which the fuzz and gangsters all lived together in a neighborhood and interacted on a daily basis. You know, like 'West Side Story' or something. That might work out. It's either that, or Batman. Vigilante-style justice has proven, over and over again, in comic books and Westerns, to work to stem the flow of random violence.

Either way, we can all agree that 'CSI' style investigating is pretty useless. Because while things that work out in stories don't always work out in real life, if it can't work out *at all* in fiction, there is no way that it's going to work in real life.

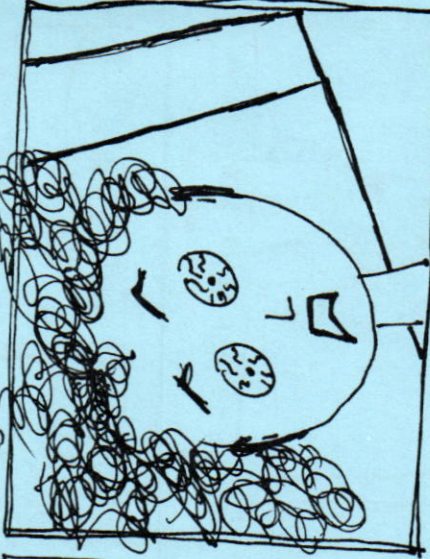
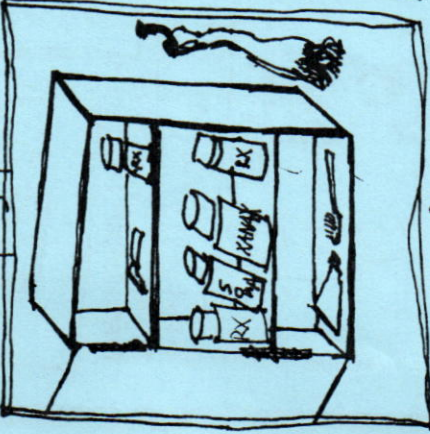
descriptions of various airport art experienced today, by me, happy.

-The Eastern Iowa Airport, located near Cedar Rapids Iowa, features a large piece of ceiling art at the end of the C concourse. This piece is called "Planets/Cosmos" and consists of large, somewhat biscuit-shaped papier mache celestial bodies suspended from this massive spiral thing that spins above one's head as one waits for one's plane. The planets, of which there are nine, are decorated in relief with mystic and mythological designs, according to the artist's statement that stands in the corner. The statement does not mention which biscuits are supposed to be which planets, which meant that I had to rely on my own intuition and understanding of symbology to figure that out. It proved to be a somewhat daunting task. The sun and the moon were easy, as was mars; that fiery red thing decorated with tridents and wheels; and as, apparently, was Venus, which took the shape of a bronze colored vagina, complete with labial folds and a clitoris. The cream colored planet with the festive lingam molded upon it I took to be Saturn, after some contemplation, and the yellow one with the snakes nosing a rather more abstract yoni, I decided must be Jupiter. That left three planets on whose identities I could not make a certain judgment, which was a shame because I would have dearly loved to know which planet it was that had the little animal heads sticking out the sides of it in such an enthusiastic manner.

-The Detroit Metro Airport has an underground tunnel that leads from the B and C concourses to the A concourse. This tunnel is long, requiring two full moving walkways to span its length. Detroit has chosen to follow the lead of Chicago by supplying entertainments in this space so that the way will seem less weary. Rather than settle for a mere flashing neon ceiling, however, Detroit went for an entire lightshow, complete with electronic music accompaniment. Embedded in the walls are brilliant, multi-colored led displays behind panels of thick frosted and textured glass that, as they change color and shape, provide the only illumination for the entire span of the tunnel. Frenetic and soothing by turns, the music and lights mimic one another; when there are throbbing synthetic cellos, the walls make bright red streaks; when there soothing whale-like sounds, the walls look like swimming pools. Occasionally the entire tunnel is plunged into a purple darkness so deep you cannot see, leaving you to blink in disorientation at the silhouettes of your hands for several seconds in a row. Ha ha! O'Hare can suck it! Detroit wins! And while it's no giant floating vagina (nothing beats total vagina airport art), I did ride back and forth through this tunnel for the sheer fun of it three times in a row.

lyrics...

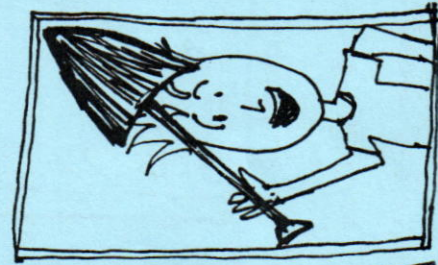
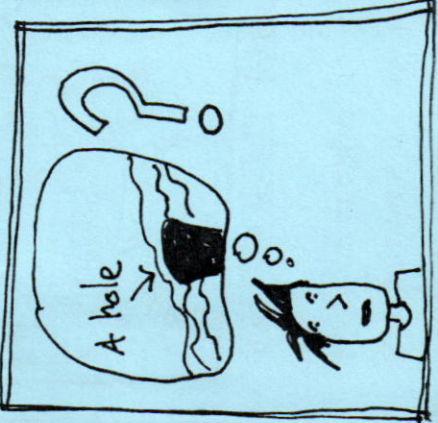
as seen through the eyes of robin
"that sleeping pill i took was just a waste of time."



"overnight fling." (backup ladies sing: "overnight flingsoloth")

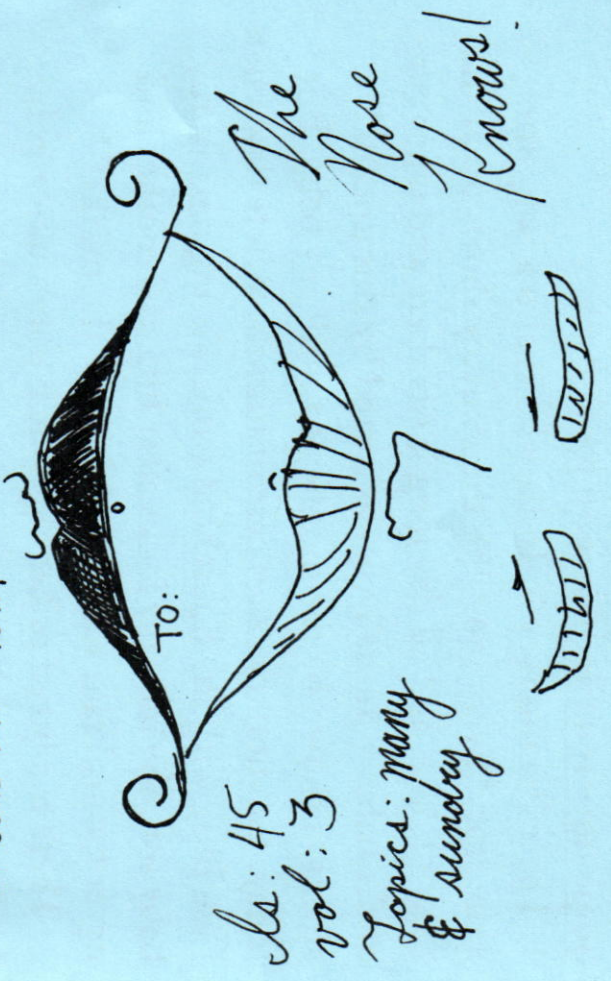


"can you dig it? yes i can."



On a lady first finds out she's
pregnant she's got a lot to freak out
about, eventually she'll get around to tell
wonderin how the hell she's gonna get the
little bugger out. I'm not ashamed to tell
you that at this point I became a
major freaker. When I would recount all
the facts; figures about C-sections;
epistomies to my friends I would get
real wild-eyed and my voice would
get loud; maybe I was going to start
crying. Lucky for me my friends are
reasonable; assured me \$2500 was not
that much money, my awesome boyfriend
agreed to help me raise all that money
for a midwife and my parents eventually
agreed to let this go down in my
little sister's old room. So instead of free,
it cost \$2500. Instead of an exciting car
ride to the hospital, I'll just be playing with
the dog in the living room. Instead of
laying on my back like a stuck turtle,
I'll be moving around and squatting like
a wild animal. Instead of an epidural I'll
be watching the video Daniel Murphy
made for me of him racking themselves
and I'll be laughin' that baby right out!
Charles

The Nose Knows
2401 Burgundy #25
New Orleans LA 70117



SOMETIMES IT IS HARD TO REMEMBER WHAT
KIND OF PERSON I AM SUPPOSED TO BE.

A M I a smart person?

OR DUMB?



A M I Homely?



OR PRETTY?



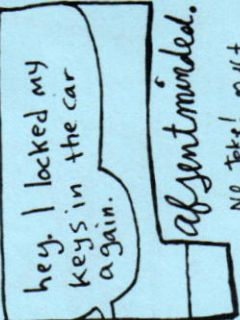
A M I MEAN?



OR NICE?



WHO KNOWS? Not me! (AND IF YOU DO, FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T tell me!) But there is one thing that I for sure am and forever more shall be:



afentminded.
NO joke! 044

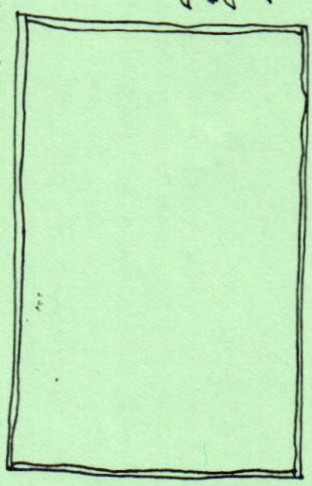
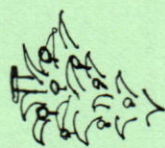
Some important information | AW

1. There is a monkey in India who is also a babysitter.
True story! Every morning the monkey shows up at the baby's house, and all day long it sits there and takes care of the baby. "Initially, I was scared by this unusual affection shown by the monkey towards my baby. But today, the monkey takes care of him the whole day when I am busy with my household work. Sitting next to my baby son, the monkey looks after him as a mother and never harms," said Kamalini Khuntia, the mother."
2. There is a breed of herring which communicates by farting.
3. In a city park in Lazo, Russia, a pack of squirrels attacked and killed a stray dog.
4. In Kenya, a baby hippo named Owen and a 130 year old tortoise named Mzee were once best friends. Owen was rescued from the tsuanami and brought to Kenya, where he proceeded to befriend Mzee. There's a theory that the baby hippo was attracted to the tortoise because he is "large, round and gray- much like a mother hippopotamus." Unfortunately, a woman has come between them. Her name is Cleo, and she is a lady hippo. Owen and Cleo are all in love these days. Is Mzee (the tortoise) sad and lonely now? Who can say?
5. There is a breed of dog that has two noses.
How do I know all these exciting facts? When I am bored I look up "best [insert your favorite animal] stories".
What? What do you use the Internet for?

NOST McNOSEBORN'S
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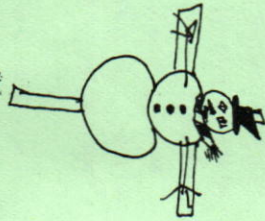


RELIABLE
OR
CONTRO-
VERSARY?
mmmmmm



ASIA TELLS US A CHRISTMAS STORY
HARRY TELLS US A MYSTERY STORY
ROBIN TELLS US A QUESTS TALE
CHARLIE TELLS US A QUESTS TALE
ALL OF US BOSS WILL INTO SUBMISSION(S)

mmmmTHIS IS THE NOSE KNOWS VOLUME THREE ISSUE FORTY-ONE mmmmm



LISTEN UP BUSTER

We really want to have a
contributors issue and only 2
people contributed. so now
there is a dead line

JANUARY 31st!!!

you can even e-mail us at:
nasalknowledge@gmail.com
if we don't get enough submissions
then there will just be some
blank space. i mean it!

OK? I? it'll be the best issue
ever. swear! O-Robin, HT, AW, CT

TREES

so Tuesday morning found me
procrastin' and what does everybody do
while procrastin' these days? watch you
TUBE! paul finally told me he talks about
me in the new Die Fetz = video so I made my
iceinmates watch it too. "do you hear it? ok.
wait, I'll go back to the beginning again so you
can hear Paul say my name shh!" then, "look
it's Eric Apple! see him? ok i'll go back. shh!"
then there is this Paul where Andy says, "WE
have trees uptown. so i thought to myself,
"self, you should go look at the trees some
time." that time came yesterday when
i decided to just
bike up communication
it dead ends.
true i guess
there are more
uptown than
neighborhood, but
died in the flood. maybe
town when is settle down
parks up there haven't
big dogs like the ones
ward and French

all in my
all the magnolias
i will move up
at least the
been over taken
in the 9th
quarters. co. KS

A Christmas Story I heard on the radio last night while I was trying to fall asleep

So this lady goes to a flea market with her kid. It's Christmas Eve. It used to be a good flea market, but maybe it's kind of fallen on hard times. There is a Santa Claus there, the kind your kid sits with and they take a Polaroid and then you pay \$3.00 for the picture. "Mommy, mommy!" shouts her son. "Can I see Santa?" She acquiesces, but almost immediately regrets this decision. This Santa - he looks like a junkie! He's super skinny, and under his white wig she can see his long brown dirty hair poking out. His hands have these bruises on them (obviously from shooting up). "Jesus!" she thinks. "What is this world coming to?" She hustles her kid out of there and drives home, feeling all ruffled in her Christmas spirit.

She's in such a hurry to get out of there that she forgets to buy the one thing she really needed to get at the flea market! At the south end of the market, there is someone who sells some kind of special oyster that she needs for Christmas dinner. She *really* needs these oysters. Well, there's nothing for it: she's got to go back to the market. Of course, her son, who has noticed nothing amiss about Santa Claus really wants to come with her. "You can come," she says, "but you have to stay away from Santa." Fair enough.

They go back to the Flea Market, and Santa is not even at his fake North Pole Photoland! "Where's Santa?" asks her son. A management type overhears this question and answers grumpily, "He left already!" The woman says, with an air of jolliness, "He has a lot presents to deliver! He's got to get an early start!" "Yeah, early start!" says the manager, in a tone clearly implying just what he thinks that Santa is getting an early start on. "He walked out at noon! He said he had seen enough! Some people!" The woman, worried about the impression all this is making on her son, looks down, only to find him missing! "Oh no! He must've gone to find Santa! He's quite taken with him - he's never run off like this before!" "Well," says the surly manager, "He stays out in a trailer out behind the flea market. You might try checking there."

Sure enough, when she rushes out there, she finds her son out by a deserted trailer, patiently waiting for her. "Oh god! Are you okay? Why did you run off like that?" "I went to find Santa!" says the little boy. "Did you find him?" "Oh yes!" says the little boy. "He took me in there," he says, pointing at the trailer. The mother is horrified. "Did he - did he *touch* you anywhere?" she asks. "Just on my hand," replies the boy. "We talked. He told me that he comes out every year on this day, to see if he can find one person who still believes. And if he finds just one person, that's enough." "And you?" she asks gently, "You believe, baby?" The boy nods, solemnly. "Well, Santa will be sure to bring you lots of nice presents tomorrow," she says. "Oh, I don't believe in Santa!" says the boy, blithely, "I haven't believed in him for a month now!" "Then what are you talking about?" she asks. A new suspicion forms in her mind. "He didn't give you anything, did he? He didn't -" (and she shudders a little) "he didn't poke you with any needles or anything, did he?" "No mommy! Where would you get that crazy idea?" asks the boy. Oh childish innocence. "Baby, some people, it's not their fault, they're sick, and they - well, did you see his hands? All those needle marks?" "He didn't have any needle marks, mommy. Just one big hole. One big hole in each hand." note: At this point I rolled over and woke up Doug, shouting, "OH MY FUCKING GOD! CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS SHIT? IT'S FUCKING JESUS!" He replied, "Mmmph," and promptly went back to sleep.

Miss *next!*
x-mas!

A good Deed or Being Sherlock Holmes • HT

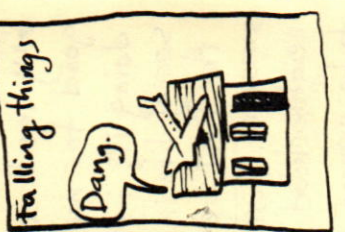
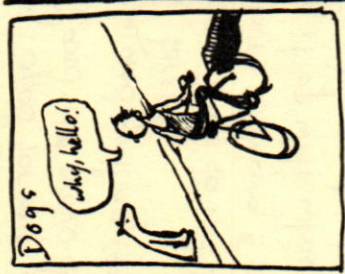
A GUY LEFT A PACKET OF PHOTOS AT THE COFFEE SHOP AND SOMEONE BROUGHT IT UP TO THE COUNTER. I LEFT IT BY THE CASH REGISTER WITH THE EXPECTATION THAT THE GUY WOULD BE BACK SOON. HE WASN'T. I OPENED THE PACKET, WHICH HAD TWO ENVELOPES FULL OF PHOTOS, ONE WITH THE WORD "ZINE" WRITTEN ON IT, TWO PHOTO DISKS AND SEVERAL ROLLS OF NEGATIVES, IN IT. I ROOTED AROUND THROUGH THIS STRANGER'S PERSONAL STUFF + TRIED TO FIND INFORMATION ABOUT HIM AND FINALLY NOTICED HIS 7 DIGIT PHONE NUMBER WRITTEN ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE PACKET. ON THE OFF CHANCE IT WAS A LOCAL NUMBER, I CALLED IT. IT WASN'T. SO. BACK TO ROOTING AROUND. THE PICTURES WERE OF JUNKYARDS, FRIENDS, MOUNTAINS. NOTHING + NO ONE I RECOGNISED, AND NO CITY NAME PRINTED ANYWHERE TILL I PULLED OUT THE PHOTO SHEET THAT ACCOMPANIED THE DISKS. SAGINAW PRINTER, IT SAID IN TINY LETTERS AT THE BOTTOM. I LOOKED UP THE AREA CODE ON THE INTERNET AND CALLED AGAIN. I GOT THE GUY'S DAD AND TOLD HIM THE NAME OF THE COFFEE SHOP, OUR PHONE NUMBER AND THE CITY IT WAS IN. THE GUY, HOWEVER, DIDN'T SHOW UP. SO I WROTE A NOTE INSTRUCTING MY CO WORKERS NOT TO THROW IT OUT OR USE THE PHOTOS FOR THEIR OWN VARIOUS PURPOSES FOR AT LEAST THE NEXT FEW DAYS.

AND SO THIS MAY HAVE BEEN A BOOTLESS DEED.
OH WELL.

A short story about how excited I am to be going to Iowa for Christmas • HT

OH WOW. I CAN'T SHUT UP ABOUT IT. OCCASIONALLY I WILL FEEL SUDDENLY EMBARRASSED FOR NO REASON AND THEN I WILL REALISE THAT IT IS BECAUSE I JUST REMEMBERED ABOUT GETTING TO GO TO IOWA

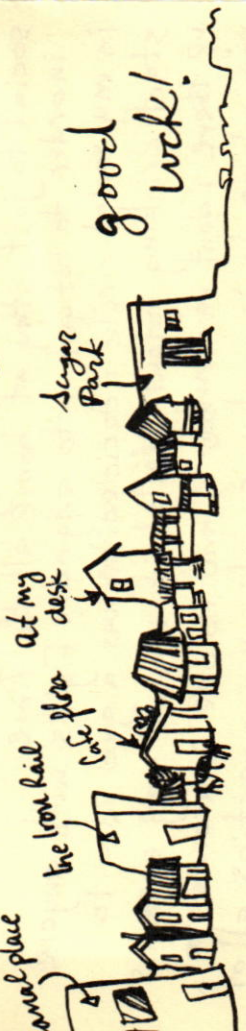
Dangers:



Jane austen books:



Places to find me if you are looking:



Reasons to be cheerful:



A Love Letter to New Orleans. from: Charlie

Andre baby and I are moving up to Kansas City (not Kansas!) after Mardi Gras! I am trying to absorb as much of New Orleans as possible in this last month so I can take it all with me, cause things will be different up there. For one, people aren't as nice, thus no "how ya doin'?" to strangers on the street, no "baby" this, "baby" that. Crumb-ling houses and abandoned buildings are harder to come by and Starbucks? Arghs, harder to avoid. I will not be able to stand on the sidewalk in front of my house and watch the tops of barge slide by through the trees just four blocks away when I live in K.C. And that little sign high up on a lamppost on Elysian Fields right before we get that just says: **RUM** in going to miss that too. What I'm most scared of losing are all the little things - there's no way to identify them all, no way to catalog them, but they add up to something, something that's important. I'll miss them all so much, but I'll have no idea what I'm missing. Really. The only way to remember will be to come back, then I'll know what all those little things are. I love you!

From: 2401 Burgundy #25 New Orleans, LA 70117

I realize that you probably would rather not hear from me after that alarming incident with the cheese slicer and your bed compa. I can convince a stray - I hope we can convince forces were day to friends once more. Love and affection, The Note Know, Volume 3, Issue 44.

Excerpts From Asia's Etiquette Book:

Guest Rooms:

1. Guest sheets should be patterned, not too light and not too dark. This way your guests don't have to be embarrassed by anything that might occur while they are reposing.

2. Make sure your guests have a box of tissues and a wastebasket.

New Christmas Traditions:

1. Christmas Treasure Hunt: Everyone can spend \$10.00 total (more if you are richie rich, less if you are broke) on 10 small gifts. Wrap 'em up like presents! Each attendee picks the name of a room out of a hat, and proceeds to hide their presents in this room. When everyone is ready, you have a treasure hunt for all the presents. Obviously, you do not look for presents in the room that you were responsible for. When it seems like most of the presents are accounted for, sit in a room and open them all up! You can swap if you want to. Probably some will still be hidden and you can go ahead and have a second, more focused round of finding things. Let me tell you: we did this at Christmas and it was just great! Many crazy things from the Dollar Tree, (a see-through model of a frog, complete with removable intestines, etc, which no one has yet managed to put back together), wonderfully practical gifts (glue, nails, memo pads!), some amazingly creative gifts (a deeply frightening bunnyheaded Frankenstein Bratz knockoff), tiny summer sausages and cheese spreads, and loads of CANDY! If you are lazy, just buy 10 scratch-off lottery tickets. It will still be fun.

2. If you are from the kind of family that does Polynanna style gift exchange (everyone picks one name and gives one present) I would like to suggest the following idea: For your present, everyone buys a supply that the gift recipient can use for a hobby or craft that he/she enjoys. Then gift recipient is then committed to making the giver something using these materials some time in the next year. For example, you get Uncle Joe's name. He loves woodworking, so you buy him a fancy new chisel and also give him a piece of driftwood you found. Lo and behold! On your birthday, you receive a beautiful wooden seagull! Lucky you! Everyone has something they like to do. Maybe it's cooking: well, you can buy a cookbook or some truffle paste and Cousin Susie will invite you over for dinner sometime for gnocchi ala truffle. Or songwriting: how clever of your nephew Byron to rhyme 'Aunt Tootie' with 'wants booty'! And that pennywhistle you bought him sounds great in the middle eight! Obviously this is kind of hokey, but man, I wish my cousin was making me a scrapbook.

Dinner Parties:

1. If you are having vegetarians over and the hors d'oeuvres are pretty awesome, but the main course is going to be ass, let them know! They can fill up on fancy cheeses and it won't matter that their entree is just some greens and rice. I mean, obviously you should have more than greens and rice for them, but maybe your biscuits didn't rise after all and the beans turned all weird cause you used that pot that all the Teflon has rubbed off of. This rule doesn't just apply to vegetarians. Maybe you know the pork roast is tough. Ain't no shame in letting people know that they should fill up on that awesome hummus.

Jan. 6 i celebrated the 2 month anniversary of smoking my last cigarette. hooray! good for me. quitting is good for me and it was hard, and i'm proud of myself for doing it. i still miss it though, and quitting really changed my social life in ways i didn't foresee.

the first week of not smoking i tried to not be around any smokers. instead of logging hours drinking & smoking at my neighborhood bars and ~~enjoying~~ it up with whoever happened to be around i found myself drinking at the non-smoking bar located inside the gym. needless to say, i drank there alone. i stayed out of trouble.

then i decided i had the willpower to hang out with smokers again so i went back to all my old bars and ended up drinking more to compensate for not getting to smoke. *is drinking more going to fix any problems?*

NO! drinking more only exacerbated my short fuse and foul temper. my tolerance of anyone else's bullshit was cut to nothing and all i wanted to do was punch everyone. i became socially unacceptable. but i'm too social to just stay at home all the time.

in order to not get into anymore fights with anyone in my social circle i decided ~~it~~ was a good idea to start drinking uptown. *Voi-la!* if i made any enemies up there i don't remember if and no one is around to remind me. drinking uptown & crashing X-mas parties all of december pretty much kept me out of trouble. there was that one time that girl cornered me but it really wasn't my fault.

Now i feel sane enough to go out drinking in my neighborhood again. i think. at least if i do get into any fights i don't think i can blame the lack of nicotine. • Robinalda

A BORING ARTICLE ABOUT
NOT SMOKING